ADVERTS
OF
MODERN MEDICINE MAKERS

Humorous Patter Song

Composed by

ALLAN MILNE

Written and Sung by

FRED ROME.

Sung also by

WILL EDWARDS.

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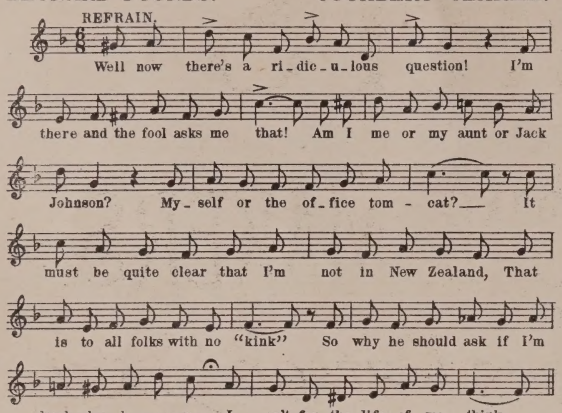
Price 2/- nett.
60 ¢.

London: REYNOLDS & Co 62A Berners Street, W.1.

This Song may be Sung Freely Anywhere, excepting Theatres & Music Halls.

"THERE'S A RIDICULOUS QUESTION!"

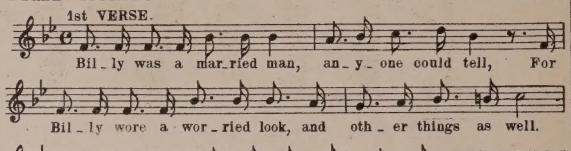
WORDS BY LEONARD POUNDS. MUSIC BY CUTHBERT CLARKE.


REFRAIN.
Well now there's a ri-dic-u-lous question! I'm
there and the fool asks me that! Am I me or my aunt or Jack
Johnson? My-self or the of-fice tom-cat? It
must be quite clear that I'm not in New Zealand, That
is to all folks with no "kink" So why he should ask if I'm
back when he sees me, I can't for the life of me think.

1st VERSE.
Now this world's full of idiots quite, 'pon my word,
And the questions we're asked day by day
Are some of them really so beastly absurd
That one cannot think quite what to say.
Whene'er I return from a holiday trip,
And enter the office, alack!
Some chap will remark as my hand he will grip,
"Hallo, old chap, what are you back?"

"PUT THE CHEESE AND BUTTER IN THE PANTRY!"

WORDS BY FRED ROME. MUSIC BY LANGTON MARKS.


1st VERSE.
Bil-ly was a mar-ried man, an-y-one could tell, For
Bil-ly wore a wor-ried look, and oth-er things as well.
Bil-ly drove a tax-i-cab to earn his bit of pay,

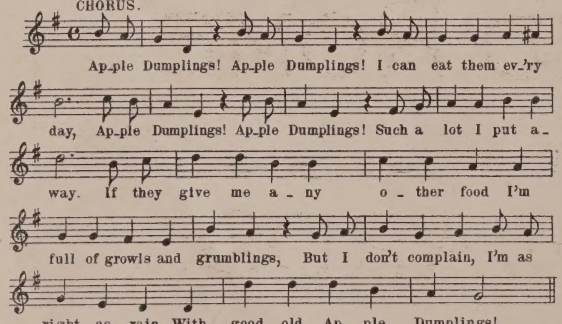
And very seldom reached his home until the break of day.
Billy's wife, at ten o'clock, always went to bed,
And left a note for Billy on the table, and it said:

1st CHORUS.
Put the cheese and butter in the pantry,
Be sure you don't forget the kitchen light,
Shut up the cat, be sure you see to that,
And see the front door's fastened tight to-night all right.
Be sure you wind the clock up in the parlour,
And don't forget to cover up the bread,
Don't wake up the canary, cos I think she's got the croup,
Take off your muddy boots, and come to bed.

Last CHORUS.
Put the gas and butter in the parlour,
Be sure that you wind up the kitchen light,
Shut up the bread in the kennel in the shed,
And see you chain the cheese up tight to-night all right.
Be sure you hang the cat up on the dresser,
Don't wake up the canary, cos it's dead,
Be sure you have enough to drink, it's sure to do you good,
And send your boots upstairs to me to bed.

APPLE DUMPLINGS!

WORDS BY JOE PEARSON. MUSIC BY HARRY COLLMAN.

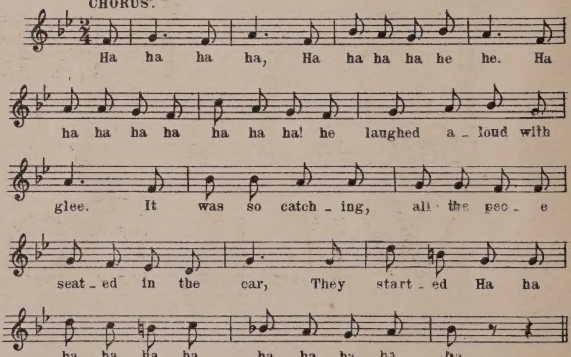

CHORUS.
Ap-ple Dumplings! Ap-ple Dumplings! I can eat them ev-'ry
day, Ap-ple Dumplings! Ap-ple Dumplings! Such a lot I put a-
way. If they give me a-ny o-ther food I'm
full of growls and grumblings, But I don't complain, I'm as
right as rain With good old Ap-ple Dumplings!

1st VERSE.
Now I've heard a deal of talk about the food we ought to eat,
Many people live on swedes and turnips, others live on meat,
But I think I've found the secret and it keeps me glad and bright,
For there's only one thing that will satisfy my appetite.

Apple Dumplings! Apple Dumplings!
I can eat them every day.
Apple Dumplings! Apple Dumplings!
Such a lot I put away.
Then I said to her "When you're my wife,
To stop my growls and grumblings,
There is no mistake you must make and bake
Some good old Apple Dumplings!"

THE FUNNY LITTLE MAN I KNOW.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY REUBEN MORE.


CHORUS.
Ha ha ha ha, Ha ha ha ha he he. Ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha! he laughed a-loud with
glee. It was so catch-ing, all the pec-e
seat-ed in the car, They start-ed Ha ha
ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha

1st VERSE.
A funny little man that I know well,
He's laughing night and day,
I do believe that in the end,
He'll laugh his life away.
A week ago, I on a tram,
Was seated by his side.
And there he started laughing, well!
He laughed until he cried.

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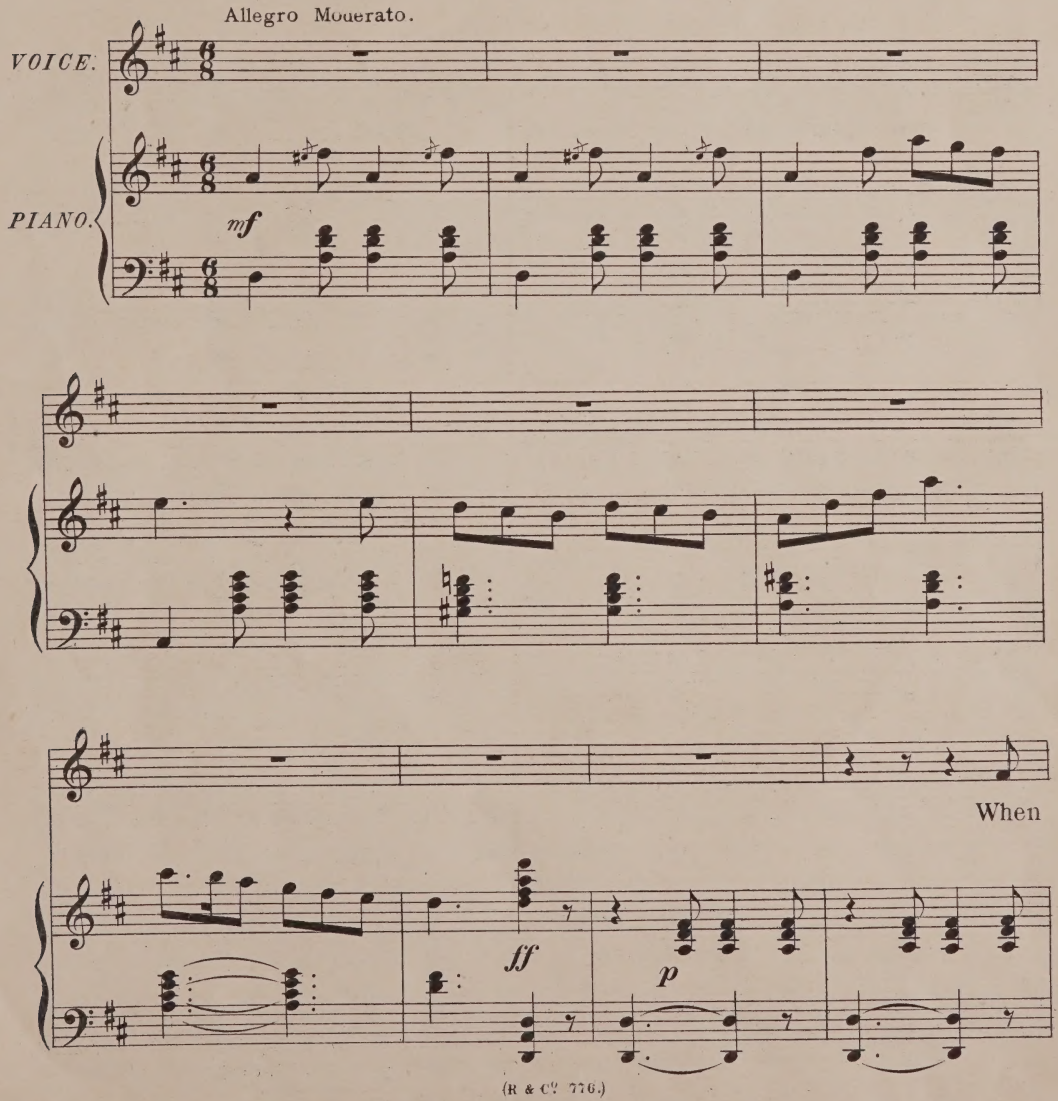

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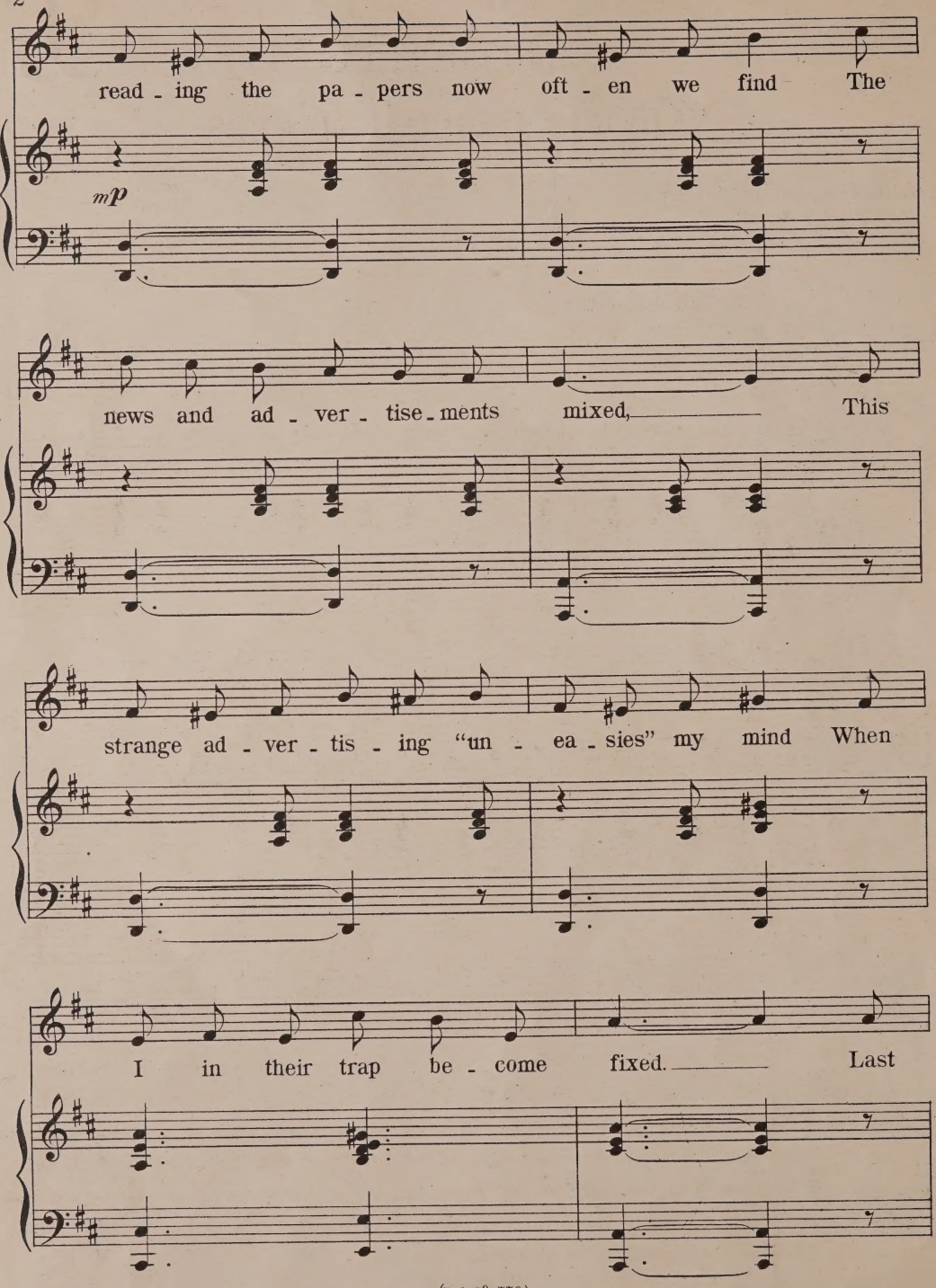
read - ing the pa - pers now oft - en we find The
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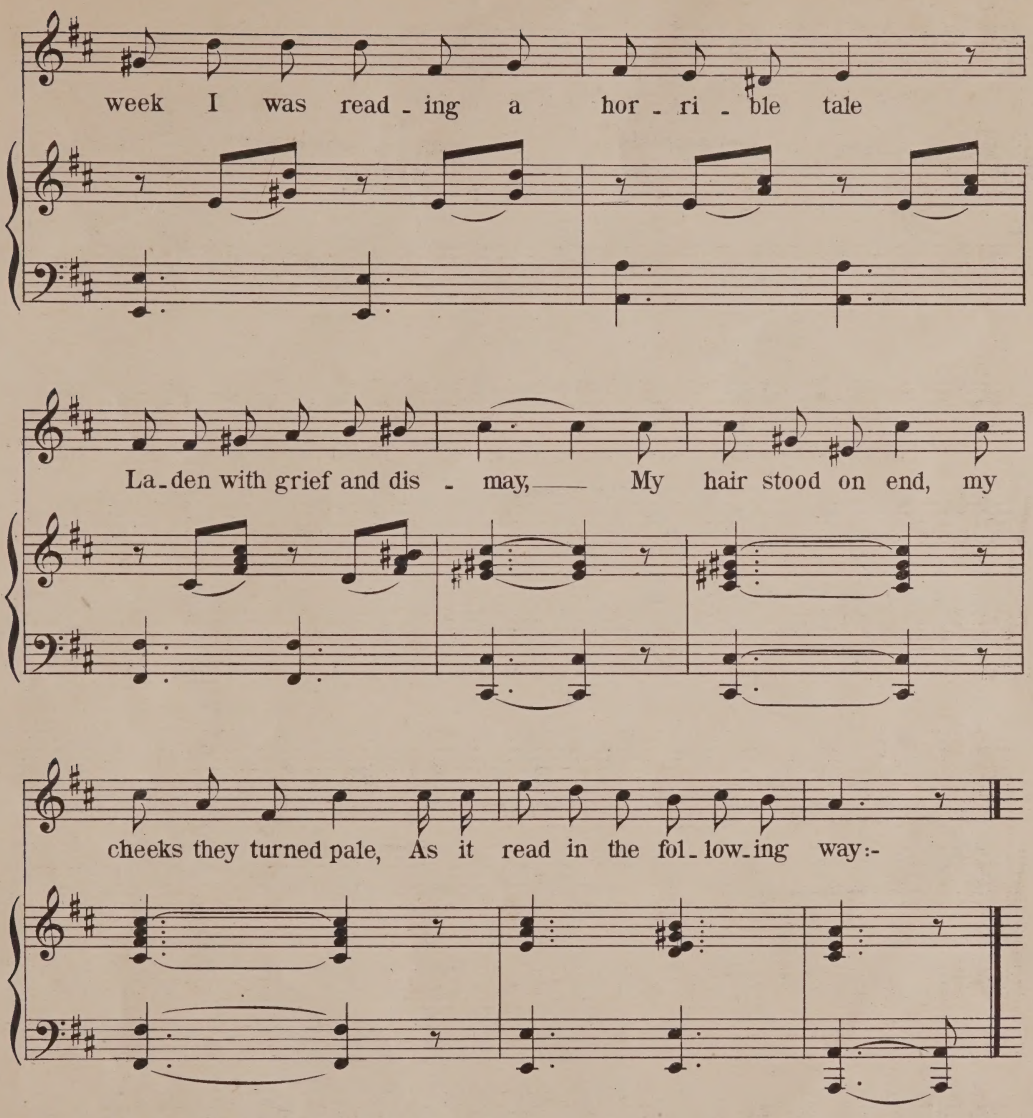
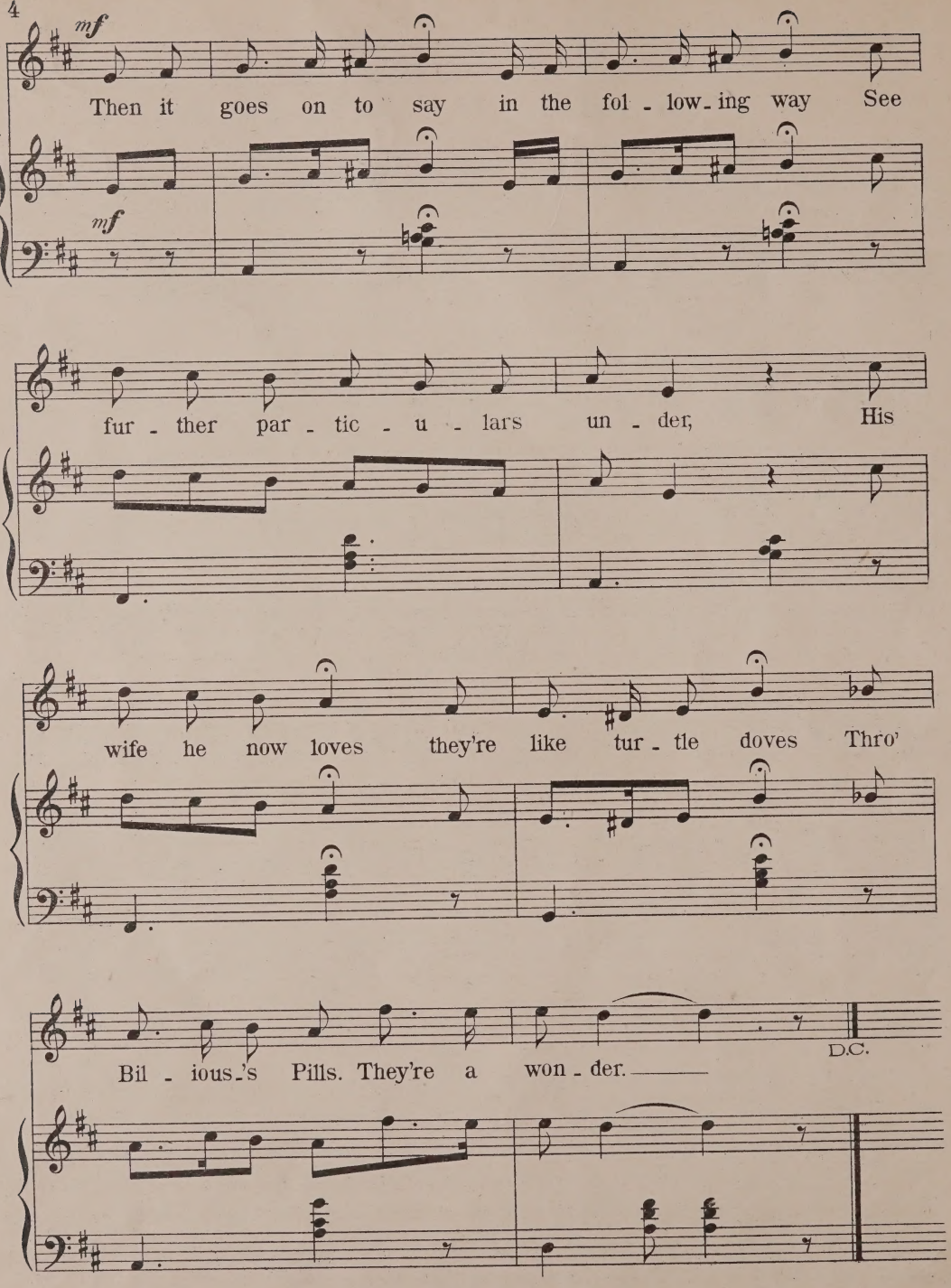
news and ad - ver - tise - ments mixed, This
strange ad - ver - tis - ing "un - ea - sies" my mind When
I in their trap be - come fixed. Last


week I was read - ing a hor - ri - ble tale
La - den with grief and dis - may, — My hair stood on end, my
cheeks they turned pale, As it read in the fol - low - ing way:-

PATTER. (Very melodramatic.) And there stood the green-eyed fiend, vowing to take the life of his wife and family— he made a rush—"I will kill you" he said. "No! No!" the wife replied — "Think of your children." "Stand back woman! To-night you die." The click of the pistol was heard and as his blood-shot eye turned, he caught sight of the newspaper that lay on the table. He seized it, he paused, he read, then beckoning one of his children to his side placed one shilling and three ha' pence in his hand and whispering a word in his ear—the boy fled—but quickly returned, and giving his father a small package— then all, all was silent.


mf
Then it goes on to say in the fol - low - ing way See
mf
fur - ther par - tic - u - lars un - der, His
wife he now loves they're like tur - tle doves Thro'
Bil - ious - 's Pills. They're a won - der.
D.C.

2

I was deeply engrossed in a story one day
Regarding a beautiful girl
Her face was described in the usual way
That'd send any brain in a whirl.
Her heavenly eyes of celestial blue
Were admired by folks far and near,
They'd oft journey miles the features to view
Of this sweet little maiden so dear.

PATTER(with mock sympathy.) It was a beautiful, bright, blissful day in July, and the birds soaring skywards sang sweet strains of summer song, when this sweet maiden started for a ride on her bicycle of her own free wheel (will) but she little knew the perils which awaited her, as with a light heart she sped on and on and on, and when she got to the third *"on"* she fell *off,* but quickly remounting she proceeded forward and shortly encountered a sharp turn in the road. Then she nymph-like, swayed round the circular bend only to come face to face with a steam-roller. She rang her bell, the roller refused to budge— rude roller! And before she had time to adjust her fringe-net, her heavenly form lay a helpless heap and the massive roller passed slowly over her heavenly features.

Then it goes on to say in the following way,
She is still at her regular appointment.
Now her beautiful face is the pride of the place
Thro' Heal-me-quick's Marvellous Ointment.

3

Another sad story I recently read,
Of a fireman's marvellous deed
He'd offered his life for another's! They said
Tho' no one would follow his lead.
He entered the flames with heart ever brave
Fulfilling his duty right well
With an earnest endeavour another to save
'Midst cheers of a deafening yell.

PATTER. (With great excitement and power.) The night was dark—as dark as night— and all around was still—when all of a sudden a cry—a cry of "Fire!" rent the air. And there in an attic situated at the top of the house (Oh, fancy! an attic at the top of a house) flames were seen bursting from its dingy casement.

Then all of *another sudden* a face— oh! such a face! appeared at the window and the flames leapt around its ghastly features with fiendish delight. The fireman arrives, the crowd hold their breath–tight, he mounts the escape— brave man. Three cheers, three cheers and a bit— he has saved that face. It is a woman's!

He throws her to the ground for safety. What ho, she B— thank you! Again he mounts the ladder of death. Look! Look! he is getting higher and higher, he is only a little bit off the top. Ah! he sways, he's missed his footing, he falls, his head is severed from his body.

Then it goes on to say in the following way
Describing this awful disaster
Still he's alive and continues to thrive
Through Stick-me-tight's Wonderful Plaster.

ENCORE VERSE.

Again I was tempted to wade through a tale
A story a mother had told
Regarding her infant who, sickly and pale,
A sight that was sad to behold.
The poor little child had wasted away
He'd always been sickly from birth
Though physicians and doctors called eight times a day
They failed for all they were worth.

PATTER (With burlesque pathos.) He was his parents' only joy—their only hope–their only family, and for five long, weary years, the mother had sat by the bedside without a wink of sleep— and the father, a poor, humble cabman who invariably got the fare he asked for— was thus enabled to spend £800 in doctors' bills without any improvement in the child's health. But one day, one eventful day, 'twas Shrove Tuesday, and the hot-cross bun man being late, the mother– the fond mother–waited in the doorway and being of a literary turn of mind read a pamphlet that had been dropped in the letter-box. And as she read a "band of hope" came over her face, and in a whisper she shouted "I will try it! I will try it!" She hastily entered the chemist's shop and hurrying back to the infant's bed-side she poured the contents of the bottle down the poor little child's throat. Within half an hour, the mother and child were dancing a hornpipe on the hearthrug.

Then it goes on to say in the following way
Of this youngster whose illness was chronic,
When his age it was one, he could carry a ton
Thro' Buck-me-up's World-Renowned Tonic.

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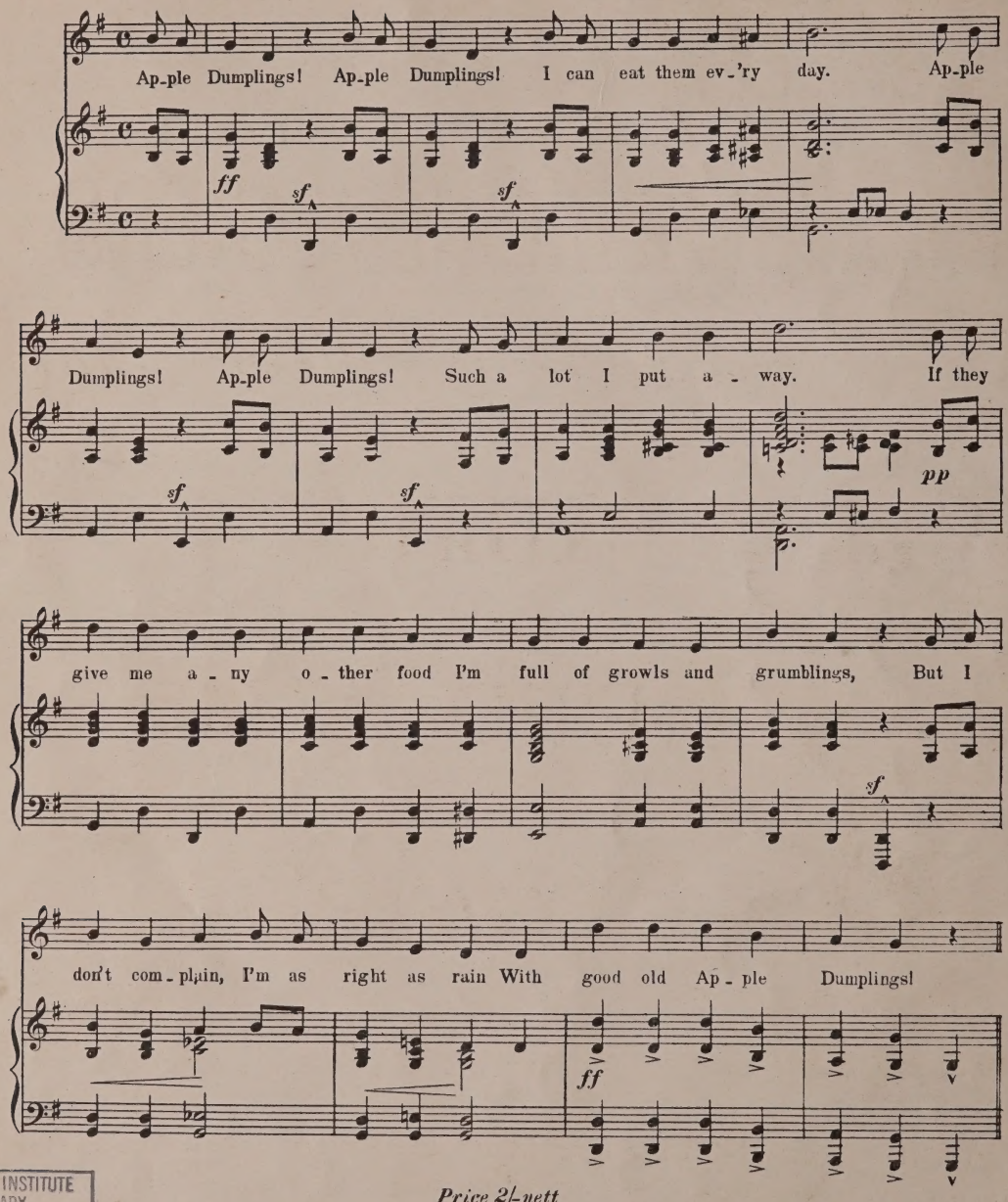
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Dumplings! Ap-ple Dumplings! Such a lot I put a - way. If they
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don't com-plain, I'm as right as rain With good old Ap - ple Dumplings!

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